# NEWSBOYS BEGGING PAPERS

DATHERING THEN UP TO SELL THEM BACK TO THE PUBLISHERS.

A Trick by Which they Impose Upon These Journals whose Unseld Capter are Return-able—The Way they Escape Detection. While standing on the steps of THE SUN Mos yesterday a reporter heard one newsboy pay to another. "I'll take the Bridge and the elevated and you take Wall street and Broadway. Get Heraids if you can." It was then 8% k in the morning. The reporter followed his position in front of the entrance to the Bridge and dart to and fro among the men who same down the steps to the sidewalk. One man handed him a newspaper, another tossed a newspaper at him, a dozen men paid not the alightest heed to him, and then presently other men threw or handed to him the newspapers they carried in their hands. One newspaper that the boy received he threw petulantly away. It was THE SUN. Both interested and mystified, the reporter continued to watch the

mystified, the reporter continued to watch the boy. When he had what appeared to be a dozen capers, the boy went to the hallway beside formak's saloon and threw his collection besind the door. Then he returned and renewed his operations, speaking to every man who held a newspaper in his hand.

Bometimes a man thus addressed would stop and stare at the boy as if in great surprise; yet others halted and talked to the lad; and these, by the way, invariably gave him their papers, still others seemed to know the lad and his business, and tossed their papers to him before he spoke to them. The second time he came to the hallway with an armful of newspapers the reporter spoke to him.

What are you going to do with those papers? Them's returns," the boy said, and noticing the said of the second in the came to the said and the said an

what are you going to do what those pares." he inquired.
Them's returns." the boy said, and noticing by the reporter's face that the words conveyed no meaning, he added: "Returns is papers wot gits took back to the newspaper offices. They's a gang of us gits 'em every morning and selis'em back to the—say, mister, give us that paper please. Oh, thank you, sir—sells'em back to the offices, and makes a big boodle out of 'em. Ours isn't the only gang in the business. They's gangs wot works the ferries, the biggest elevated stations, the Grand Central Depot, the hotels and—" at there was another rush of persons down

Sher's gangs wot works the ferries, the biggest elevated stations, the Grand Central Depot, the hotels and ——"

But there was another rush of persons down the bridge entrance steps, and the boy was instantly in the heart of the crowd. The reporter walked to the river side, and at the Barclay street ferry looked in vain for confirmation of the boy's story. At Courtlandt street, however, he saw a little fellow dart across West street, with a score of rumpled papers under his arm, and hand them to a bearded man, who stood on the corner opposite the ferry. The boy at once ran back to the ferry gate, and began to beg for more.

Return copies?" said the reporter to the man, who had at least 100 newspapers under his arm.

"Well," don't know. Have you got any objection? "the man replied, gruffly.

"Not in the least. How long has this thing been going on?"

"Well," the man replied, "it hasn't been going on? "Well," the man replied, "it hasn't been going on? "Well," the man replied, "it hasn't been going on so long but what it's like the gin business in the hands of everybody, and the Italians besides. Its been going on ever since all the papers but two began to buy back unsold sopies, which is about six months, to make a rough guess. Igot this place first, and I am going to keep it if I have to dust the trousers of every newsboy in the city. The idea of them chaps comin' here and tryin' to run my little boy out. Why, I have to come here every mornin' now to keep the place, instead of tendin' to my stand and lettin' the boy do this alone, same as he used to, I tell you it ani't worth the trouble unless you can get rienty of papers, when you take into consideration havin' to fix them up so's they'll look right."

"How do you mean you have to fix them up?"

"Why, I have to make 'em look as if they had not been used; take the crinkles and rumples out of them, and straighten them out. I am told that some folks iron them, but I idon't know how they do it. It dries them right out and makes them the towards with the papers on e

checks, calling for more papers next day, and we sell the checks to other dealers."

"The hospital bexes are noglected up here." said an employee at the Grand Central Depot. Beguing travellers begin to expect the boys now, and save their papers for them. There's one boy here who used to sell a great many papers in the regular way, but he has given it up now, and says he can make a great deal more selling returned copies."

"One fellow got caught at the business," said an up-town newsdealer. "He has a news stand at the Battery, and he went into the thing wholesale. He must have had as many as six boys working for him. He had one at the elevated railroad stairs, one at each of the large ferries, one at the Produce Exchange, and I don't know where he didn't have them.

the elevated railroad stairs, one at each of the shree ferries, one at the Produce Exchange, and I don't know where he didn't have them. Well, he began to take back to each newsnaper office about twice as many papers as he bought. To be sure, there are plenty of men and boys doing that every day; but this man brought back about twice as many as anybody except the big news companies. Well, one of the papers put spotters on him, and they told him her would not let him sell or buy. I don't believe they really stopped him, though, because he could get boys to divide them up and take them back in small bundles, and the publishers never could spot him at it."

The reporter was talking about this new branch of trade in a Chatham street cigar store, ater in the day, and the proprietor overheard him.

"By Jove!" said he. "That explains some.

"By Jove!" said he, "That explains something I could not understand. A boy came in
here this morning, and asked me whether, if I
had got through with my morning paper, I
would let him have it. I gave it to him supposing that some poor family wanted it. In
fifteen minutes another boy came in with the
same request. When he went out I followed
him to the door, and saw him go in next door.
He gots paper there, but instead of going home
with it went into the next store, and the next,
and soo. I suppose he was one of the boys
you speak of."

#### FOUR MURDERERS TO BE TRIED, Provided Judge Lynch Does Not Step Is and Hang Two of Them.

CHARLOTTE, N. C., April 16 .- The biggest court ever held in North Carolina opened at Bakersville, Mitchell county, Judge Shipp presiding. Four murder cases are to be tried there this week. Cay and Anderson, the revenue officers who killed three respectable citisens of Mitchell county last February over the possession of a mica mine, were to have been brought to Bakersville yesterday from Hendersonville and put on trial, but Judge Lynch stalked between the two places, and any attempt to remove the prisoners, it was decided, would be dangerous without a military guard. The mountaineers are thirsting for the blood of these two men, and a body of soldiers will have to stand between them and the populace.

The next case of interest is that of Jim Greene, who the murder of his cousin, Joe Greene, who was about 18. The trugedy occurred on Sunday last. On the previous Sunday Jim was walking home with his girl when Joe came up, took the girl's arm, and walked off with her. This incensed Jim, but he awallowed his wrath. On Sunday last Jim was again walking home with the girl, when Joe ngain appeared. Jim had been drinking, and as Joe came up a few words passed. Then Jim said: "Going to try that same trick again, are you?" pulled out his pistol, and fired. Joe fell dead, shot in the geak, the bullet separating the spinal column. Jim was arrested and but in jail.

The next case is that of a barkeeper who killed a man in a dispute over money a week of two ago. The man went into the barkeeper at 300 note with the request to have it changed. The barkeeper put the note into the drawer and gave out change for \$2, avowing that it was \$300 note with the request to have it changed. The barkeeper put the note into the drawer and gave out change for \$2, avowing that it was \$300, and a fight ensured. sonville and put on trial, but Judge Lynch

### Like a Breath of Mountain Air.

Like a Breath of Mountain Air.

Helmas Romaine of Paterson went on Tuesday to New Foundland, a little settlement in Morris county, distant from New York about forty-five miles, to buy some cows. About three miles and a haif from John F. Brown's hotel he found a family who had lived en their Romare farm for fifty years. It was avere years muce the father had been to Brown's hotel, life two cone, 23 and 24 years old, never awa a railroad track. They were never off the farm and never wanted to go.

They defin't know and didn't care who was President. The least they heard was that a man named Garffield was running for the office. They had heard of the felegraph, but were struck with amazement when told about the desphone. Mr. Romaine's stem-winder puzzled them, it was the first watch either of the boys had ever seen. Thair way of reckoning time was by marks on the door sill showing the position of the sam. They teld the consens by the birds and aminals.

They sold butter to a man who came along every two weeks. When they wanted clothes they got their huiter man to bring cloth from town, and they made it up into miss thereafter. They had much native intelligence, for the world was a refreshing as the mountain ar in which they live.

Son's Ridge, Pa., April 18 .- "A good many folks thinks, when they see Shorty Ryerson fo the fus' time, that some time or other he must ha' ben a layin' in the saw mill whar the log had orter ben, with the mill a-goin' full split; but that ain't it it," said old Sol, landlord of the tavern at Sol's Ridge. Shorty Ryerson had just gone out. There was nothing remarkable about his appearance except that he was less than five feet high, and that every square inch of one

side of his face was a scar.
"No, that wa'n't it," said old Sol. "Ye see, roin' onter five year ago I had a tame b'ar, an kep' him chained to that pole out thar in the road. Him an' Shorty was p'ticklar good friends, an' when Shorty wa'n't doin' nothin' which were giner'ly from daylight one mornin till daylight nex' mornin', countin' Sundays, he were out thar foolin' with that b'ar. They'd euddle down together an' go to sleep, Shorty an' the b'ar would, jes' as nat'ral 'zif they war pened to be away fur ten minutes the b'ar 'd git so oneasy that ye could hear him belier like a baby, all 'round the Ridge. Shorty larnt the b'ar a heap o' smart tricks, an' business was s'pended half the time, an' the folks all out a a-watchin' him puttin' the b'ar through what

s'pended half the time, an' the folks all out a watchin' him puttin' the b'ar through what he know'd.

"The thing that tickled 'em most was the boxin' matches Bhorty an' the b'ar 'd give, Bhorty had larnt that b'ar so he'd stan' up an' spar with him ez nat'ral ez life, and I swan if 'twa'n' ta sight good fur a lifetime to see 'em stan' thar an' bat away at one another ez if they was a fightin' fur money an' the stakes was up. 'Nother thing that usety take the town down was the way that b'ar 'd walk interthe tavern with Shorty, whenever any one invited him to take sumpin', an' stan' thar 'long side o' him an' take his glass o' rum ez good ez the best on 'em. That b'ar were a harvest for Shorty, fur ev'rybody that 'd come along 'd haf to cail Shorty an' Solomon-Shorty named the b'ar Solomon 'cause he know'd so ter'ble much b'ar Solomon 'cause he know'd so ter'ble much b'ar Solomon 'cause he know'd so ter'ble much b'ar Bolemon 'cause he know'd so ter'ble much b'ar Bolemon 'cause he know'd so ter'ble much b'ar Bolemon 'cause he know d so ter'ble much b'ar Bolemon 'cau

drinkers on the Ridge, an' I ustey say that the fust thing anybody know'd they d both git the jams.

"Wall, by-an'-by Shorty an' the b'ar got to be a nuisance. I got tired o' seein' em p formin' out thar in the road, an' suckin' rum, an' the hull town spendin' its time a watchin' 'em, an' I threatened time an' agin to shoot the durn b'ar an' stop the hull business. But I hated to do it, an' kep' a puttin' up with it, an' takin' it out in cussin'. Shorty aliuz commenced business with the b'ar long about daylight, an' the fust thing on the programme were aliuz a sparrin' match. One nice mornin' in June Shorty come sluffin' down ez usual to begin the day's work. The b'ar were cuddled up'round the pole. Shorty give him a whack on the side an' holiers out: 'Come, Solomon' Git up an' put up yer flippers.'

"The b'ar got up an' put up his flippers. Ye see wha' ar got up an' put up his flippers. Ye see wha' ar that panel o' board fence is, up thar by the hen house? Wall, Shorty were picked up right thar. They took him hum an' sewed his face up ez goodez they could, an' the b'ar were gone when Shorty came back to the tavern three weeks arterw'ds. He never asked no questions 'cept to say." Solomon must ha' had the jams, didn't he?"

Te see, the night afore the b'ar put up his sipper to Shorty, ez Loid ye, an' arter ev'ry body had gone hum, th' were a pediar come 'long to stop all night. He had a durn ugly b'ar with him that he'd traded fur, and the idee struck me to swap Solomon fur that b'ar an' ten dollars to boot, an' I did. The new b'ar morning' Solomon were on his way East. An', ye see, I furgot to sen' word to Shorty bout the dicker."

He Narrates the Experience of a Friend and

"A frent uf mine gits marrit, Suntay," said the German Barber in the Bowery last week. "He bopped der quesdion in der ladest adyle. Der olt-fashioned-luf-in-a-coddage-grackers-und-kisses-peezness peen blayed owid. Mine frent he leans ofer his sweed-heart und dakes her lily-vhite hant, und, seczing a momend pedween der raddle uf dwo elevated drains, he sayt: "My brecious, my nounce yourselluf my vife."

Chonny, my own sveet luf," she hat sayt. are you sure you can afford it? I would not deceofe you, tarling; you haf calt me brecious und you vill find me so. Affegshun cosds nodings but sdylishness und high-tone cosds a heab uf money. Can you all dot affort, my own dear luf?"

He von arm blaced her vaist arount, und vile he trank in der ligwid egstacy uf her admiring gaze, he reblied: 'I dink I can der pall keeb rolling, righd sdraighd along, my own, my sveet, sveet ploasing."

"It's kind uf you, Chonny," she reblied, 'not to dalk apowd such foolishness as luf on a basemend mit sixhence a veek, for der vorld is now run on pezzness brincibles, und such dalk makes me dirud. I hat to git a diworce avay from my first huspand pecause he vos old-vasitioned like dot. I musd a firsd-glass allowanes haf to pegin mit, so ve ton'd fall owid apowd money. Dot's vot proke to bleess up me und my second huspand, alretty. Und now, my iuf. I haf pesides dot only von dings to say: ve musd haf a blain dalk vonst effry dree months. Den, my sveet tarling, if I shall some oder man luf more as you, I vill vrankly dell you so your face in front, und you must py me sbeak choost der same. For I can'd stand got dired uf you mitowid failing some oder man in luf mit. I vill sbeak bialing, und you must py me sbeak choost der same. For I can'd stand vighting und rows, my tarling. My third huspand used to arkue und dalk mit me, undil I vos combelied a diworce to git avay from him on ackound uf my boor nerfs."

"Vell." said the barber, 'my frent vos mit dot conwersation cradely bleased, und, blanding a tousand kisses her cheeks und mout owitsite, he dolt her uf der drubbles he got mit dwo brellous vifes, airetty, so dem should not habben again mit her; und haffing brebared der vay for a diworce in ease dem should vish to haf it, he vent avay dickled mit his pargain.

"Chiminy Hookey! vot a Tickens uf a row der monkey parber got into himself mit do."

"Yot dor teffil do you mean?" sayt my frent. 'Der monkey parber von right avay on, der same he alvays done. 'Dat's der new fashion of marritch in siffilized gundrios,' he sayt, 'Dut it's olter as der hills mit der saffares. My u nodings but advishness und high-tone coads

### OLD HOUSES.

Discussion in Christopher Street Concerning a Building Just Tern Down.

The demolition of a very old building in the rear of 118 Christopher street, to make room for an apartment house, has given rise to discussion in the neighborhood as to which is the oldest building thereabouts. It is said that the old house just demolished was the first house erected in Christopher street. It was the home, it is said of the Davis family, a amily well known in those days. The house n front is of brick, three stories high, and is called the pigeon coop, because of the queer,

called the pigeon coop, because of the queer, cote-like appearance given to it by the wooden balconies across its front.

It is said by other persons that there is a house on the northeast corner of Christopher and Greenwich streets which is still older than the one that has just been taken down. It was built about a hundred years ago by Richard Amos. His granddaughter, who resides in the adjoining house on Greenwich street, says that Richard Amos owned sixteen across, the houndary of which ran about where parts of Christopher, Charles, Bleecker, and Washington streets now are.

The old Amos house is of wood, two stories high, with slanting roof and eaves toward Greenwich street. It is numbered on that street, so that even if the house just torn down was built at a later date, that house could have been called the oldest in Christopher street.

# He Wouldn't He Called Jumbo.

Martin Leitch, a florid German, with a red startin Leiton, a north German, with a red chin whisker, got a summons from Justice Gorman, in Jefferson Market, for Jens Gebel, whom he charged with insulting him. Both Germans were in court yesterday. "Yell, Judge," said Leitch, "dis man insults me not only all the time but every day. It musht be stopped, or

goes crazy for sure.
"On the Monday of Easter Sunday, this man insults me four times. First times he says, 'Ah, mein size; you are to me the best of friends I've got.' Then he says are to me the best of friends I've got.' Then he says: 'Hullon, all the times, Jumbo, Jumbo, Jumbo.' Then he says, 'Crazov.'
"I got prefty mad at dese insults then; but I wild became when dis men save, 'Ah, yah, yas; your wife likes me better'n than she likes you." I couldn't sthand that, and I comes to Court." Goebel denied that he had insulted Leitch. 'I never did mentil nobody.' he sand. "I'm the agont for those houses by Chariton street, and I go by Leitch to get the rent; then he orders me out and locks the door. Dot's all aboud it."
"Br. Obebel, go home," said the Justice. "You must not insult this man. If Leitch owes you rank have him dispersement, but don't insult him. Now go home."
"Dos seedlies id." said timbel.
"Rizey id doant," said timbel. "I fetch you by the seuri again when you calls me Jumbe."

OTTO THINKS HE IS MARRIED.

The Seriosder Read a Railread Time Table Over him and Another Man's Wife. Julius Otto arrived by steamer a month ago. He put up at John Logmuer's boarding house 16 Greenwich street, three or four days. and then went to live at 72 Eldridge street with

Michael Bauman. On Monday night last Otto and Bauman went into Logmuer's. Otto had his month's wages, \$16, in his pocket. He asked everybody to Mrs. Logmuer did not.

You drink, too, Fraulein," Otto said, catch-

ing her around the waist.
"If you want me to I will," Mrs. Logmuer replied coquettishly. "It helps the business."
Otto says that he and Mrs. Logmuer sat down at a table and began to talk about Fatherland Then, he says, he asked her if she was un verheirathet, and he says she answered with s

verheirathet, and he says she answered with a nod of the head that she was yet a spinster, and, catching Mr. Logmuer by the tail of the cost, and pulling him toward her, said: "This is my brother. Ain't you my brother, Johann?"

Logmuer, who is older looking than Mrs. Logmuer, said that he was her older brother. "I love your sister." Otto said. "I want to get married to her."

"All right," said Mrs. Logmuer, "if you are able to support me."

"All right," said Mrs. Logmuer, "if you are able to support me."

"Right now." Mrs. Logmuer repited. "And when are we going to be married?"

"Right now." Mrs. Logmuer repited. Otto said he asked one of the men who had been drinking with him to go after a minister. The man returned, bringing in a young chap was formed, in the middle of which stood Otto and Mrs. Logmuer. The young man read the Freehold and New York Railroad time table out of a yellow-covered book in the English tongue, and after this brief service, said, "You are man and wife."

Otto asked all to drink again, and he says he gave the young man with the moustache \$2.

Early Tuesday morning a policeman picked

are man and wife."
Otto asked all to drink again, and he says he gave the young man with the moustache \$2.
Early Tuesday morning a policeman picked up Otto in Church street, and a little later Justice Duffy sent Otto to the Tombs for 10 days. On Wednesday, Bauman paid the fine and got Otto out. They both went to Logmuer's, and Otto domanded his wife. He was laughed at and he appealed to his acquaintance, Justice Duffy.
The case was heard yesterday. Otto said he had lost \$14 on Monday night, and that Gustav Goetz, Logmuer's bartender, was the man who had married him. Logmuer said:
"That fellow makes a heap foolishness Monday night. He ask my wife to drink. She had her baby in her arms, and she makes much fun. Otto ask her to marry him, and she said she would. Somebody say to the bartender he must perform the marriage ceremony. The bartender got a railroad guide and said a lot of hocus pocus, and said they were married. Right away after that I have to put Otto outside my house." Right away after that I have so put took?"

side my house."

"What about the money he says you took?"

Justice Duffy asked.

"He spent \$7 or \$8 for drinks." Logmuer said. "I don't see no more."

Goetz said he got no money for his services. Justice Duffy dismissed the complaint, saying that if Otto thinks he has got a wife he can sue for her in the Supreme Court.

Some of the Reasons why \$5,000 a Year

WASHINGTON, April 13.-If some Adam teach a Senator or Representative how to live on \$5,000 a year, he would confer an everlasting boon on many of the members of the Congress of the United States. Although Washingon may be called a cheap place to live in. and for \$5,000 a year a family can be supplied with everything that reasonable persons desire, yet it must be remembered that a Congressman does not often get his \$5,000 intact; and, besides that, there are in Washington two scales of prices—one for permanent residents and one for members of Congress and foreign diplomats. First come the election expenses. Any out of pocket is considered lucky. Then comes out of pocket is considered lucky. Then comes the journey of the family to Washington—for Congress has not yet allowed mileage to members' families, although after the late private sourctary indulgence nothing in the way of perquisites need surprise anybody. Next is the intermediary stage of hotel living until a house or lodgings are found. Thus, before his lodgings are secured and he begins to have an idea of his monthly expenses, a large chunk of the Congressman's \$5,000 a year is gone.

It does not take him long to find out that he can't do with his income as well as other people do. If he is in lodgings, his wife must have a reception day, and, no matter how simple the scale on which it is conducted, a waiter must be hired to hand in the cards, and there is usually some slight refreshment. If the wife of a Representative visits at all she has to visit a great deal, and visiting means a carriage. Then there are occasional dinners, receptions at the White House and elsewhere, which it is customary for Representatives' wives to attend, and that means costumes, gloves, and carriages. There seems to be a kind of clair-voyance among everybody in Washington who has anything to sell or to hire to a number of Congress or his family. The wives of members generally become well known to the tradespeople before very long, and the butcher, the baker, the candidatick maker, the dressmaker, the bonnet maker, and the maker of everything they eat and wear combine against the Representatives \$5,000. the journey of the family to Washington-for

the bonnet maker, and the maker of everything they eat and wear combine against the Representative's \$5,000.

In the case of Senators every circumstance is aggravated. There being but seventy-eight Senators, and not all of them paired, the Senators wives are known as well as the Washington Monument: and as most oft hem take infinite delight in having parcels addressed to "Mrs. Senator Blank," the innocent creatures give themselves away to the shop people. The women of sense who are Senators wives, and who feel the necessity of making their money go as far as it ought, studiously conceal the fact that they are Senators' wives when they are dealing," as the negroes call shopping.

It is as much as my life is worth, said one quite solemnly, "to go into a shop, I can hardly come out alive. They would take all my money; they would garrote me almost rather than I should come out with sixpence, and all because I married a Senator."

#### PROBABLY UPSET AND DROWNED. Samuel E. Hopkins, ble Son Stoddard, and

Samuel West Missing. The empty saliboat that was found on Friday floating bottom upward in the Narrows and brought to this city by the tug General Rosecrans was identified yesterday by B. B. Hop-kins, a broker of 18 Wall street, who lives on the Shore road, at Clifton, Staten Island, as a boat in which Samuel E. Hopkins, together with his son, Stoddard Hopkins, and a young man named Samuel West, had started out on Thursday afternoon for a pleasure sail through

man named samuel weak, had started out on Thursday afternoon for a pleasure sail through the Narrows and lower bay. None of the three persons named have yet been heard from, and it is believed that they were drowned. Mr. B. B. Hopkins said to a reporter yesterday:

"My brother, Samuel E. Hopkins, is a wholesale dealer in hosiery at 39 White street, in the city, and lived on the Shore road at Clifton. On Thursday afternoon he was visited by Mr. Samuel Wost of Germantown, whose father owns a hosiery manufactury there. As it was a pleasant day, my brother intended to show Mr. West the lower harbor. They took the boy Stoddard, who is about 12 years old, along, the party starting from Clifton at 2 o'clock. The boat was cranky, being a pilot's yawl made into a saliboat. Mr. Hopkins was believed to be a good salier, and familiar with the waters of the locality and the different winds.

"The boat was seen in Rariton Bay, off the Great Kills, at 4 o'clock. We have heard nothing from them since. Yesterday the empty hoat was found at noon between Coney Island Point and the Homer Beacon. There is a slight hope that they may have been picked up by a coaster outward bound."

## Prohibition Sweeping Over Canada.

TOBONTO, April 19.—The Canadian Government passed a prohibition liquor act fifteen years ago, making it optional for adoption by any county in Canadia. It has until recently remained a dead letter on the statute books of the Dominion, but now in many parts of Canada arrangements are being made to adopt it. Six counties now prohibit liquor, and ten more will adopt the act in a few months. Leading temperance people assert that it is only a question of a year or two before the whole of Canada will adopt the prohibition liquor act. Prohibition conventions are being hald throughout Canada to agitate public opinion in favor of the movement.

### New St. James's Church.

The corner stone of the new edifice for St. James's Church, at Madison avenue and Seventy-first street, was laid on Monday. The church will be 130 street, was laid on Monday. The church will be 130 feet deep, with a front of 75 feet on Madison ave. nue. The estimated cost, including land, is \$230,000. The Rev. Cornelius B. Smith, rector of the parish, read a list of the articles deposited in the corner stone. Among them was a prayer book owned by Fitz Greene Haileck. Assistant Rishop Fotter laid the corner stone. The first St. James's Church was pullt in 1810, and the second in 1800. It is expected that this church will be ready for occupancy by next Christmas.

A Neighbor for the United Bank Building. A seven-story, T-shaped, fire-proof building A seven-story, K-shaped, life-proof building for office purposes, the foot of the T on Broadway and the arms reaching to Pine street and Wall street, is about to be erected by the Actor estate. The numbers on the different streets will be \$4.00, and \$6.00 Broadway I and \$5 Fice street, and \$6 Wall street. The material will be Wyoming stone for the basement and first story, and brisk about. There will be an interior sourt. The sees will be \$500,000.

HOT WORDS OVER THE BABY LAWTER WAGENER IMPELLED TO CALL

LAWYER SECOR A LIAR.

Young Bowning Swears that he was Never Marvied to the Plaintiff—The Wife of her Council a Witness—About a Look of Hair. Lawyer Wm. H. Secor sat in Part III. of the Supreme Court yesterday with a blush rose in his buttonhole, and his portly chin half en-closed by a snowy collar of the Spinola pattern.

He called Forrest S. Downing to the witness stand. Mr. Downing wore a light brown suit of stylish cut. His hair was combed forward over his cars, parily hiding the fact that the lobe of one of them was missing. one of them was missing.

The case was Savvillar Downing's suit to recover a child which she says is hers, but which the other side says is Carlos Wilson, the four-year-old son of Emma Roderick Wilson. The laintiff says Downing is her husband and the child's father, and that an attempt was made to paim off as here a female baby of unknown

parentage which is dead and buried. Mr. Downing testified:
"I first saw Miss Savvillar Berkeley at the Volks Garden. She was in company with men drinking beer. I took the liberty of handing her my address after filting with her an hour or so. I heard nothing further from her for week, when she wrote me this letter;

Mr. Downing: I am taking the pleasure in writing these few lines to tell you if you wish to meet me again I wast you next flavely night in the International Theatre, upper box. If not please send me an answer, My address. Miss SAVILLAR BERKELEY, 173 Allen st. "I went there and met her, and we went to the Sixth Avenue Hotel."

the Sixth Avenue Hotel."

Q.—Did you ever go through an arrangement of matrimony, as described by Mrs. Downing in her testimony of the Mrs. Downing was to tell the woman who calls herself Mrs. Downing was to tell her she never could be my wife.

Q.—How long did you live at the hotel? A.—Live there! Well, a night or two at a time. There was once when I was intoxicated. I stayed there three days.

Q.—Did you register your own name? A.—I wouldn't be as foolish as that. If I remember right, I used the name C. F. Bruste, B.-u.-1-e, and I think you will find it spelled correctly in the book, too, though I may have been a little excited at the time.

The Referce (curinusty).—How old are you?

The Witness—I will be 23 years old on the 20th day of July next.

Mrs. A. P. Wagener, wife of the plaintiff's counsel, was called by Mr. Secor, and ques-tioned. She said: Honed. She said:

I called alone on the nurse. Mrs. Hannity, and saw two children there. Carlos was one. He was in his nurse's arms, and I was not left alone with him. The other child was a half-starved little thing, which didn't seem to have had anything to eat for four weeks. On Mrs. Wilson. My husband, sent me. I want with a roll of music and had to be taken for a student to gain admission to the school. music and had to be taken for a student to gain admis-sion to the school.

By Mr. Wagner—Why did you interest yourself in the case! A —Because she is a poor girl and has been

sharply, and the witness turned on him and said:

"I think you have insulted me enough by grinning and smilling at me,"

Mr. Secor requested Mrs. Diemer to bring the disputed child to the table. It was seleep, and cried at being awakened. Mr. Secor said to the witness:

"Suppose Carlos was born before Mrs. Downing's child, and had the same twitchings of the muscles which you say he inherits from his father, wouldn't you think it strange?"

"Not if Downing was around."

Q-You say Mrs. Downing was respectable? A-Parties who knew hersay she was respectable. A-Parties who knew hersay she was respectable? A-Parties who knew hersay sh

head a lock of hair and have it marked as an exhibit.

Several elderly women dressed in mourning atood around the referee's table looking at the disputed baby. Mrs. Savvillar Downing stood at the head of the table, and watched everything intently, Mrs. Diemer seissored a lock of hair from the child's head. Then Mr. Secor began to sum up:

There was never any foundation for this proceeding, because the belief of the alleged mother was inspired and aupported by the attorney for Mrs. Downing, and his wife. No baby, no case aranas Brother Bowning and his wife. No baby, no case aranas Brother Bowning and the second of the second

Mr. Wagener retorted in this vein:

I have failed to find one single case in which a rich man was involved that the cry on his part was not blackmail. False statements, false returns, contradictions appear on their side all through. I never did a more honorable set in my life time to bring this matter before a court and before the public. Who says this girl has not been wronged cruelly, turown into the den of Mrs. Disuner, and left there without a dollar in the world, or starve or join the ranks of abandoned women? They not all the same that, where nurses like Mrs. Hannity are ready on the same that, where nurses like Mrs. Hannity are ready on the same disease. Where extra the marsamus. All the children mention and give them the marsamus. All the children mention and give them the marsamus. All the children mention and give them the marsamus. All the children mention and give them the marsamus. All the children, when he same and alopt them—into six feet of earth. When I saw this was a complete case of perjury, from beginning to end, on paper and on the stand, to prevent this lone, weak woman from obtaining the child which belongs to her by all the ties of nature, I did what I could for her. She will have it yet. That lock of hair proves it to be hers.

Mr. Secor—it proves that your wife went there and cut the bair.

Mr. Wagener—You are a liar!

Mr. Referee—The case is over. I will hear nothing

Mr. Wagener-I spoke hastly.

The Referes-You should have thought before you used the word.

Mr. Wagener-Well, the word was the truth, but I spologize to you.

apologize to you.

"Go on, please, Mr. Referee." "Go on" was urged by the elderly ladies. Mr. Secor had hastened to the door. Referee Wickes called him back.

"The man charged my wife." Mr. Wagener said, with an act which would make hereriminally liable. I allow my passion did get the better of me for a moment." The Referee—Mr. Secor, Mr. Wagener spologizes to me and to you.

Mr. Wagener—I don't apologize to Mr. Secor.
Mr. Nacor—I don't care for his apology. I am willing

The Referee—Mr. Secor, Mr. Wagener apologizes to me and to you.

Mr. Wagener—I don't apologize to Mr. Secor.

Mr. Wagener—I don't care for his apology. I am willing to trust everything to you, Mr. Keferce.

Mr. Wagener—They come here and perjure themselves for the steongest motive in the world, to protect themselves from the penitentiary. Are not the facts in this case a warning to every law-abiding citizen that we have in this city institutions and women governing them that will for the sake of money do almost anything that a rich man pays them to do? It is about time them that will for the sake of money do almost anything that a rich man pays them to do? It is about time them that will for the sake of money do almost anything that a rich man pays them to do? It is about time them that will for the sake of money do almost anything that a rich man pays them to do? It is about time couldness. An adventures, married by into enable in the same she does not know, whose husband services mained in the country only three days and whose where abouts abe does not know, who has never shown the slightest motherly interest in the child, who returns to the Board of Health a certificate that her child is illegit imate, is brought here to swear that she is the mother of this child in lawful wedlock. Mrs. Hannity comes and tells her story—Mrs. Hannity, whose counsel this geatleman was ten years ago, when she was in the Tombs.

The referee reserved his decision.

this child in lawful wedlock. Mrs. Hannity comes and teils her story—Mrs. Hannity, whose counsel this gentleman was ten years ago, when she was in the Tombs.

The referee reserved his decision,
ROCHESTER. April 18.—Emma Roderick was for many years a social and musical favorite here. Her father was once a jeweller in New York, and made an unsuccessful attemnt to start in business here. He died in the City Hospital of softening of the brain during his daughter's first visit to Europe.

Early in life Emma Roderick evinced unusual musical powers, and, as her voice developed, she sang in several of the church choirs of the city, and was in demand at concerts. In 1876, with the proceeds of her singing and teaching, she went to Paris, where she became a pupil of Prof. Belari. She was engaged to sing in the American chapel in Paris.

Soptember, 1879, she returned to Rochester. Social courtesies and publis flowed in upon her, and it seemed that she was to be rewarded for the long struggle against misfortune and povorty which had marked her early life. The next year she again went to Paris, returning to America in the fall, and she made a similar trip in 1881. This is the trip, during which she swears she was married to Wilson. She has resided in this country since 1881, passing her summers here, where she has had plenty of publis, and her winters in New York, where she has acted as assistant and interpreter to Prof. Belari.

During one of her more recent sojourns in Rochester she made frequent visits to Buffalo, where the Spanish professor was at that time.

Mrs. Belari came to America in 1882. The report of Mrs. Roderick's marriage to Wilson was news to her acquaintances here.

#### Break in the Whickey Market. CINCINNATI, April 19,-Whiskey is demoralized. Sales of over 200 harrels were reported to-day at \$1.05. The break seems to be beyond control of the pool, but under the roles it has ten days in which to reassert

ta control of prices.

One of the men who are responsible for the decline de One of the men who are responsible for the decline defended his course by saying that the pool had been taking care of the extra prediction, and at a recent meeting in Chicago the pool decided to stop doing so. This resorted to, and in self-defence, to keep tion busy was the three firm sent out night despatches on Thursday fixing the rates for Friday at 8.1.12. The satural result followed. Secretary Stevens thinks that the pool supremacy will be recetablished as soon as President Miller gets here. He is not expected until Monday.

### A Lunatic on Boston Common.

BOSTON, April 10.—This morning the boys at play on the parade ground on the Common were surprised by the appearance of a perfectly sude man, who danced and junped about like a jumping jack and streed unintelligible cries. They chased him about ever the damp turr, yelling and shrieking in delight. A crowd of speciators soon gathered, whereupon the man made a dash for Monument Hill, the crowd stringing out behind in pursuit. On reaching the top of the hill the limatic kneeled down on the stage of the monument and began to pray farvently. A pollocuma soon made his appearance, and then the lunatic ran to a plant walk lifted it up, and took out his clothes. After he had dressed himself he wastaken to the police station, where he naid his name was Williams Wolf. His face was helly bruised, and he appeared to be pretty will used as

OLD MOSSBACK OF SHOMOLA.

MILPORD, April 16 .- According to the traditions of Pike county an enormous trout has made his home for many years in a deep, dark pool on the upper Shohola Creek. He has not lived in the pool exactly either, but rather at its lower edge, where the water eddies back under a mossy rock that projects out into the stream just above where the water ceases to be a pool and becomes again a tossing rapid, hurry-ing on to the steady seciusion of the canopying stretch of alders a rod or two below. Any spring or summer day these ten years, so good the story, that great trout has been seen by fishermen following the brook in the early morning or twilight shadows. He was first discovered by the driver of a bark wagon, who was fording the stream at the rapids. The bark peeler said he happened to drop the cracker end of his whip lash close by the projecting rock, when suddenly he heard a loud splash, and a tug came at his whip that nearly drew it from his hand. He trailed the frayed end of his lash in the water again, and lo! a trout, the size of which he illustrated subse-

drew it from his hand. He trailed the frayed end of his lash in the water again, and lot a trout, the size of which he illustrated subsequently by holding his hands a yard apart, sprang from under the rock, showing his entire length, and seized the lash.

When the bark peeler told this story the pool came to be overrun with fishermen. They coaxed the fish with files of every size, color, and condition. They tempted it with the reddest of rot worms. The acrobatic grasshoper and the cheerful-voiced cricket were offered up by scores of men at the shrine of the monarch of the pool. Fat pork was fashioned into dainty morse is and tossed into the fish's lair. Itaw beef and bread dough were brought in from the viliage ten miles away, and the trout was asked to partake of them. Scores of decayed logs gave up their sepulchred grubs, and by the score the nimble minnow hied him to the sacrifice. But all in vain. If by chance some live moth or fly, playing on the water, ventured over the haunt of the coveted trout, he would make his existence painfully known to the anxious fishermen by rising from the depths, sweeping the incautious insect into his capacious mouth, while he poised in graceful curvo an instant above the water, dripping silver from his crimson sides, and a worm, a minnow, a grub, a cricket, even pork and boef and bread dough, tossed upon the water, if innocent of hook, would find in him a ready partaker; but tempting morsels having the barb concealed within them tempted him not.

At last, says the story, steady fishing for him cased, But since then to capture him has been the leading ambition of every fisherman who has visited the creek. Crack fly-existers have come from New York and Philadelphis every season to try their skill on him. Sometimes as many as half a dozen have gathered at the pool at one time. They fished with the wind in the wast, when the trout will bite the best. They fished with the wind in the one of the neighborhood at one. One time a toamster, who had taken a day off to go rout fishing,

balted with a picker" belly fin. I played him till he broke my pole an' my line, an' here they be!"

People rather believed the teamster, and he was quite the lion of the backwoods. He was promoted to be sawver. But a few days later Doc Jaggers trapped a mink on the creek that had a hook in its jaw and four feet of horse hair line hanging to it. Then that teamster lost caste. He was discharged from the mill. His old place as mule driver was refused him. He went away, and is believed by his former comrades to be a hopeless wanderer on the face of the earth. At intervals men with guns would lay for that trout, ready to put a load of shot in him the instant he raised his nose above water. But on such occasions as that, although the pool might be covered with files, he emulated the crafty mink in the song and kept below. Choppy Waters watched for him one day, says the story.

I set from sunup to sundown," said Choppy, relating the circumstance, hid behind a rock, with my gun p'inted straight fur that ele trout's hidin' blace. I never moved, but he never riz wunst. At sundown I got up to go. I hadn't tuck two steps' fore I heerd the swash o' that ele messback in the water, an' lookin' roun' see him jist slidin' back under the rock. You kin bet I never went gunnin' fur that trout agin."

Now and then, ambitious men have stelen to

Now and then, ambitious men have stolen to

You kin bet I never wont gunnin' fur that trout agin."

Now and then, ambitious men have stolen to the pool and swashed nets all around through it. But, although they usually succeeded in hauling in a filce lot of other trout—which, in the intensity of their excitement they forgot to put back—the wily old resident was never found at home. And so time pussed, The trout that had defied all attempts to take him still remained at the old stand. He was seen several times inst season, it is said, and several persons got shots at him with pistols, but none took effect. He was also known to actually come up and look closely at an artificial fly once, which beat the record. He was seen for the first time this season by two boys who were fishing on the stream last week. On Monday last the same boys were out again. The report that comes here is that, in passing through a field, they found a little green snake about six inches long. They caught it, and one of them suggested that they try it on a hook to see if a trout would take it. They concluded to offer it to the big trout in the pool. They worked it on so skilfully that it squirmed as naturally as ever. They stole up behind the rock beneath which the trout is alleged to live, and dropped the snake in the stream above it. The snake swam down directly in front of the rock. There was a fiash and a splash. The two boys gazed on the surface of the pool troubled into foam. The snake was gone, and with it the hook and snell that held it. They felt that they had had a visitation from old Mossback himself.

The moral that the dwellers in that part of the county draw from the story the boys tell—for it is believed—is that the trout is falling in sagacity owing to old ago. As evidence of this they instance his appearing last season while men with pistols in their pockets were standing by: his actually inspecting an artificial fly, and his taking for the first time on record a bait with a hook attached to it, as in the case of the green snake. It is only a question of time, they s

# SLEEPING IN HIS PRAIRIE SCHOONER

A Far-Western Idon on Wheels Adapted to Use in the Streets of New York. "When an up-town comb peddler stopped his cart at Third avenue and 106th street yesdrawers under the ends of the body. What are they for?" he was asked.

"They are lockers for stowing the sails of m prairie schooner."

"Out West, you know, the emigrants travel over the prairies in wagons arched over with

over the prairies in wagons arched over with canvas to prairies in wagons arched over with canvas to Those covered wagons are called prairie schooners."

"Weil?"

"Weil?"

"Weil. I was out there to see the country and saw them. When I reached New York again I bought this cart and started in the horn and colluloid line. I paid twenty-five cents a night for lodgings in a place up the avenue, and stored my cart in a yard with a lot of trucks owned by a friend of mine. One night, as I sat on the foot of my bod, I noticed that it was just about the size of the floor of my cart. I said to myself. I'll make a prairie schooner.

Here the peddier opened one of the drawers and pulled out three long berrol hoops and three shorter ones. Then he pointed to six staples along the inside of the cart box and six along the outside. When I want to turn in I tie up my cart under a shod in a yard. I gather the stock into the small box in one end, apread the tarpaulin and two blankets kept in the other drawer over the cart bed, put the short hoops in the inside staples, and stretch that old piece of sail over them. It is tied down on the sides and one end. I put the long hoops in place outside and stretch another cloth over all. I have a tent six feet long, and three feet high and wide. Then I crawl in and to I have plenty of room."

### Me Missed the Seat.

At the Irish moeting in Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening a tall Irishman entered late and looked ground for a seat. He saw nothing but the spring seats which turn down into the sisle. Pressing down a seat, the placed his silk hat underneath, parted his cost talls, smiled softly, and sat down violently on the floor. He had not noticed that the seat had sprung back. He got to his feet, picked up his crushed hat, scowled on the audience, and want out.

### Lots of Easter Cards.

"Enster cards are becoming more popular and more expensive every year," said a manufacturer yeaterday. "We have sold about twice as many as we did last year. The cheap eard is no longer handled. The most expensive cards are hand painted."

At the rest Office the Superintendent said: "We have had more faster cards this year than ever before. For two nights we had several extra men at work on them."

POLITICAL PERMILA

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: The Roosevelt committee so far has shown official life in New York to be bad and of quite a uni-form type. Smite it where you will and it streams with putrescence. In the work of pecu-lation, chiefs and subordinates generally go hand in hand; but when the chief cannot be lured it goes on all the same, unheeded and unheeding, by a system so smooth that it is un-wittingly sanctioned by his acts and shielded by his honcety.

Indeed, it appears like a vast and venal con-

spiracy by which those who desire to enforce the law and those who desire to break the law

are compelled to employ and pay the same

servants, with this advantage to the law-

breaker, that he pays only on condition that he

gets what he pays for, while the other is com-pelled by law to pay for what he may not get. gets what he pays for, while the other is compelled by law to pay for what he may not get. For malfeasanse so all-pervading there must exist a common cause. Either a moral cyclone has swept the face of official life and withered all bonesty, or else the stays which should confine it within limits have given way.

During the first burst of exposure in Tweed's time the public sense was so shocked that, by what now looks like a spasm of justice, a few were punished, some shrank into hiding places, some fied over the ses. But since then failure has in nearly every instance marked the efforts of courts and investigating committees to defend the public service against the cerroding influence of bribes, poculation, and actid malfeasance. This failure is as wide as the Union, and embraces every variety of transgression. A few instances will illustrate, Two culprits pleaded guility to the charge of bribing legislators in Pennsylvania; they were sentenced, but the Governor almost immediately apologized to bribery by the pardon and restoration to citizenship of both malefactors. A United States Judge in Illinois weas proved to have provented by his official action the prosecution of an officer of his court for malfeasance, and also to have obtained on his single note a large amount of money for his own use from a receiver of his court funde so by his appointment, to be paid for the service by his order, the money being held by the receiver as court custodian nending legal proceedings before the Judge. A Congressional committee let him off with a mild censure. Loring Sessions in a flagrant case of attempted bribery at Albany, went out of court with a hurral. The Star route trials closed with a banquet to the accused, whom we were given to understand at the outset were the greatest culoritie of the age. That groteague thing known as "the Department of Justice" closed the scene by the eager adjustment of the enormous protension, the nitiful failure of justices. Even now tho standard by the receiver as court and venal, indiff

SUFFERING IN SOUTH CAROLINA. Col. Cash Appealing for a Loan of \$1,000 to COLUMBIA, S. C., April 19.—Nothwithstanding the emphatic denials of the Charleston pa-

pers and the Associated Press agents at Charleston and Columbia that there is any distress or starvation in South Carolina by reason of last fall's drought, it is nevertheless the fact that in certain places such a state of affairs does really exist, although the distress is by no means as general as it is made to appear by the recent letter of L. A. Herard of Beldoe, S. C., in THE SUN. The latest report of destitution comes from Chesterfield county, in

destitution comes from Chesterfield county, in the following lotter received to-day by the Baily Register from Col. E. B. C. Cash:

Cash: Defor, S. C. Agril 18, 1884.

Editor Columbia Register:

There is now and will be great destitution and suffering among the poor people of Chesterfield county, and the collection of the col that. Neither I nor my son ask for mercy of make for nothing but justice, and we can obtain that is Chesterfield "without money and without price."
E. B. C. Casz.

There can be no doubt as to the sincerity of the above appeal. It places Col. Cash in no new light, as nundreds of citizens of South Carolina well remember the many acts of kindness and benevolence extended by Cash and his late wife to the suffering poor of this State during the dark days of 1861-65.

Billy McGlory Promoted to the Anvil. A party of the friends of Billy McGlory, mar-shalled by his right-hand man, William Conway, went over to Blackwell's Island yesterday, and asked for permission to see him. In the blacksmith, shop they found McGlory, who used to blow the bellows, hammering at a strip of glowing iron designed to strengthen the tongue of a cart.

McGlory saw the crowd coming in, and burst out laughing. When the iron got cold he rested on his ham-mer. He pointed to a tin box fastened to a post. Over it was the legand, "Take One," and inside were his business cards:

WILLIAM McGLORY,
BLACKSWITE,
Main office, Blackwell's Island,
Jobbing promptly attended to.
Repairing neatly done. Estimates cheerfully
We are not proud, but in other respects we are
doing quite well. JAMES RYAN, Superintendent.
Blowing the bellows a specialty.

Everybody took a card. Circumstances prevented overybody from taking something else.

### The National Horse Show.

For the coming exhibition of horses, ponies, mules, and donkeys, which is to open at the Madison Square Garden on May 27, Mr. Howard G. White of square Garlen on May 27, Mr. Howard G. White of Syracuse has entered a large string of horses, including his trotting stallions General Garfield and Altimo, and the Norman horses Marquis, Bustune and Unation, Mr. John G. Heckacher enters his magnificant saddle horse Truncedo. Mr. Heckman Kip Borrowe, the hunter, Camesock, W. D. Stonie the saddle horse Warwick, and Frederick Gebhard has telegraphed for boxes for four hunters, among them Leo, the prize winner. Accom-modations for nearly 500 horses are being arranged. Entries close May 1.

Prior Rights to Land Under Water.

The Attorney-General and State Engineer The Attorney-General and State Engineer hold that the purchaser of a piece of shore front has the prior right to a land grant below the low water mark, irrespective of whether the land sought to be gained possessing of has been previously preempted or occupied by cyster planters as an oyster bed. The applicant for the land grant, however, must allow the cysterman who has planted seed cysters on the premises three years in which to remove the cysters. The show decision was given a few days ago in the case of the cystermen of Frince's Bay, who contested the right of the Rev John Drungcole to acquire a grant of land in front of Bount Loretto Farm.

Patriotic Over English Pipes and Ale. Forty Sons of the Revolution met in Fraunce's tavern, Washington's headquarters, at Broad and Pearl atreets, yesterday. After a collation each member stuffed with tobacco the lower of a yard of clay. While they smaked they drank Base's ale, adopted a constitution and by-laws, and elected officers. The constitution provides that the organization shall be perpetual, and that its object shall be to keep fresh in the memory of future generations the patriotic spirit of the Revolution. John Ruetin Stevens was elected President. J. W. Drexel and Asa Bird Gardner are among the managers.

Going to Try Secretary Chandler. The Civil Service Reform Association of Brooklyn have received charges against Secretary of the Navy Chandler. They are to the effect that his in fuence was used on the employees of the navy yard to coerce them into supporting Mike Dady and Al Daggett at primary elections.

The charges are to be investigated at a meeting of the nasociation on Monday, and if found true, the associa-tion will make a report to the President.

Rockford's Bad Use of Good Fortune. Thomas Bookford, a sober, industrious roung

TADMAS HOCKIOTA, a SODE, INGUISTIOUS YOUNG man of Faterson, received on April 9816, 100 as a legacy from a deceased relative in Ireland. When arraigned before Recerder Greaves yesterday morning, he was suffering from ten days of increasent spreading. He outle not articulate a word, could not walk without assistance, and every few minutes he fall to the floor in a face, and a very few minutes he fall to the floor in a face and the set that he will not medical treatment, but there are fears that he will not recover.

BEATEN BY AN AGED SUITOR

THE BUNGLING COURTSHIP OF A JEE FERSON COUNTY SWAIN.

Me Loose his Intended Bride and also a Cutt WATERTOWN, N. Y., April 19.-A pretty, shrewd-looking little woman, in a plai

shrewd-looking little woman, in a plain black silk gown, a black dolman, and a radiant Basher bonnet, who has sat for several days at a table piled with law books, among a group of contending counsel in the Court House in this city, has been an object of great interest to a crewd composed of citizens and country people from the town of Ellisburg, where the little woman lived not long ago. She was the defendant in the case of Edward P. Bull agt. Laura H. Littlefield, in which the plaintiff sought to recover \$10,000 for a breach of promise to married 510,000 for a breach of promise to married Edward P. Before she married Col. Calvin Littlefield, the Wall street broker, she was Laura the Wall street broker, she was Lourn H. Hungerford, one of the prettiest and likeli-est girls in Jeffersen county, and Mr. Bull, a thrifty young man who lived in the same town avers that she promised to become his wife

Mrs. Littlefield is now 37 years old, and the plaintiff is of about the same age. For several years they courted in the country way, and 2 was the talk of the neighborhood that one day they would wed. Col. Littlefield, who finally bore off the Ellisburg girl as his bride, is a years old, and owns the Littlefield homested, near whore his present wite lived before their marriage. Twenty years ago he figured prominently in Jefferson county politics, and took an active part in the war. In later years has lived in Now York, operating in stocks, and is said to be worth a million or more of dollars. His wife died in 1878, and in 1882 he married his defondant in this setion.

The plaintiff, Mr. Bull, tastified positively when he reproached her with certain stories about her intentions as to Col. Littlefield, replied that the Colonel was old enough to be her later; that nobody would ever think of marrying him except for his money; that if he gots wife around there he would have to buy her, and that it, that nobody would ever think of marrying him except for his money; that if he gots wife around there he would have to buy her, and that he was a perfect on boar.

Mrs. Littlefield denied that she ever used such languages in refore one to the doned. He will have to buy her, and that he was perfect on boar.

Mrs. Littlefield denied that she ever used such languages in refore one to the doned. He was to unablate by cross-oxamination, that she was conceded to wait for her, for she could nover leave he has while her father lived. Besides, her brothern will be be the best woman witness that ever faced a Jefferson county lawyer. She said that fire he had been referred to the wait for her, for she could nover leave he has while her father lived. Besides, her brothern will have been brothern will have been friendly with the head of the head o tive promise to marry.

It is thought hereabouts that Miss Hungerford really preferred to marry Mr. Bull, but the opposition of her friends and the bunging way in which Mr. Bull managed his suit was the cause of her jilting him.

A Watch Made to be Pounded. When a visitor to the office of the American Bank Note Company sat down to talk to Mr. Lee, that gentleman put a ploce of white paper under a stamp, pounded on it, and laid the paper aside. When the visitor arose to go away Mr. Lee put the paper under the stamp again, and pounded it once more. "You talked stamp again, and pounded it once more. "You talked eight minutes," said he; "that wasn't bad." He showed

eight minutes," said he; "that wasn't bad." He showed the piece of paper to the caller, who saw upon it two printed clock dials. One showed the hands at the minutes to 4 o'clock, the other showed them at the minutes past 4 o'clock. "We keep that stamp," he said to that you shan't so away and say you came here at 1 o'clock in the morning with you had to well as hours of the morning that you had to well as hours of the morning that you had to well as hours of the morning that the morning that you had to well as hours of the morning that the same in the stamp is the latest wrinkle in office furniture. It is an ordinary stamp with a clock attachment. The hour hand is simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The simply a raised point upon a morable circle. The usual inked tape passes over these indicators and the outer circle of hour fagures. Beside the clock fase is a cylinder with severgal faces, each bearing a wordone is "approved," another is "wired," another to "answered, others are 'delivered, 'Lee, 'received,' Thus a business man is able whouser he sends away letter, telegram, or package, receives an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business whatever, to receive an order, or transacte any business

A Crook on Patent Law. "I begin to believe honesty is the best policy." the crook said, meditatively. "Of all my jobs in the part five years the most satisfactory and remunerative racket was an honest one. Did I ever tall it to you? No? Yes see I was very hard up once, and didn't know what so do. While walking the street I saw some handsome gold do. While walking the street I saw some handsome gold letters made of glass, with a shabbily-written placed stating that the inventor would execute orders. I had an inspiration. I went in and in the minutes I had bought up all his letters on credit. Don't laugh, now. I've got credit. And I also bought, and that where the point comes in—the right to bring suit for any infringement on the patent. The day I had a man out putting up the letters for any sterekeeper whird pay five cents a letter. The figure was so low that I soid out my entire stock in three days. Then I had a friend, a young lawyer, write a professional learn to every buyer for \$100 for infringing on my passes. Of course, they kicked; but when they found that to fight a patent suit coast from \$250 up, and that they could settle for \$20, they settled. We worked that racks for several months, and made more than \$0.00 cases. I wouldn't have given it up it some Judge hadn't said the grainst was no good, and also saided something about the suits.

Summoned Before his Bishop.

STRACUSE, April 19.—On Paim Sunday the ceremony of blessing some new bells was performed in St. Joseph's German Catholic Church, of which Fether Picki is paster. He had announced from the pulpit and through the newspapers that the Rev. Father O'Harm would speak in English, but on Saturday before the season only he received a letter from Hishop McNierry factorized the preaching of an English scringon, and therefore Father D'Harra did not preach, to the great discontinuous of the congregation. In his address Father Picki referred to this, and other priests having publicly denied that he had received any such direction from Bishop, he gave out the official latter for publication. Its has now been summoned to the presence of the Bishop and it for the presence of the Sister and the presence of the Sister and the Picki would be presence to the Sister and the Picki would not permit that the Bishop's interference, proposed to write the Headen. Pickl is pastor. He had announced from the pulpit and

No Pears of Uprising Against Hungarian WILKERMARRE, April 18,—The telegrams seed from this city regarding the condition of affairs between the Hungarians and the regular miners have been greatly enggerated. While a bitter feeling exists against the Hungarians, nothing has yet occurred to warrant the suspicion that an organized uprising against the Hungarians is about to take place. The chases themselves are not affected by Hungarian cheep labor, as none of the latter are employed as miners. The drives boys, door hove, and breaker boys are the only measured with the Hungarians offering to do their work 20 or with the Hungarians offering to do their work 20 or aper cent. cheaper. The boys are making all the trouble.

A. T. Stewart's Will,

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., April 19.—The will of the late A. T. Stewart of New York was ordered to be record ed and filed in the Probate Court in this city to-day. If has been before the court for more than a year, having been become in order that title to the real establi-might be legally settled. It was contested by parties in Verment who claimed to be helve to the cetate.